

# THE STATE SENTINEL

Is published every Thursday Office on Illinois St., Second Block North of Washington.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, in advance. If not paid in advance, the money will be sent in full at the expiration of each year or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be strictly adhered to in all cases.

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## Story of a Diamond Necklace.

One morning in the month of June, 1806, the Empress Josephine's jeweler was issued into a little apartment of the Tuileries, in which Napoleon was seated at breakfast.

"The necklace must be the very best you can produce," said the Emperor. "I do not care for the price; nevertheless I will have it submitted to a fair valuation."

"I warn you of that," said the jeweler. "Not that I doubt your integrity, but because, in short, because I am not a lapidary myself, and therefore not a competent judge of such matters. As soon as it is finished bring it to me, and take care that you show it to no one."

"You understand?"

"Yes, sire. But I wish your Majesty could allow me a little more time, that I may be enabled to select the stones in the most satisfactory manner. Choice diamonds are very scarce at present, and they have risen greatly in price."

At these words, the Emperor turned sharply to the jeweler, and said:

"What do you mean? Since the campaign of Germany the jewel market has been overstocked. Parbleu! I know it for a fact, that our French jewelers have been purchasing largely from the petty Princes of the Germanic Confederation, whom the King of Prussia and Emperor of Russia have ruined, by stirring them up against me. Go to Bapts, or to Mellerio; they can let you have as many diamonds as you may want."

"Sire, I have always made it a rule never to avail myself of the assistance of other tradesmen, who have the honor of working for your Majesty's august family."

"I have at this moment in my possession a set of diamonds which I purchased for the King of Prussia, who has commissioned me."

"That is your business, Fancier, and not mine. But with regard to the necklace, do the best you possibly can, and show the people and the Rhine, that we surpass them in jewelry as well as in all other things."

On a sign from Napoleon, Fancier made his last bow and withdrew. A week after this interview, the Emperor received a necklace. It was surpassingly beautiful. The jewels, the pattern, the mounting, even the case in which it was enclosed—all were unique. Napoleon had it valued; it was estimated to be worth 500,000 francs, precisely the price which Fancier demanded for it. The Emperor was perfectly satisfied.

About this time, (June 1806), Prince Louis Bonaparte, one of Napoleon's younger brothers, was raised to the rank of sovereignty, and proclaimed King of Holland.

On the day when Napoleon was to receive the crown of that realm from the hands of the Dutch envoys, and to place it on his brother's head, all the court assembled at St. Cloud. The ceremony arrived in the morning from St. Louis. The ceremony, which was attended with great pomp, took place in the Salle du Trone. The envoys of the defunct Batavian republic were magnificently entertained, and it was announced that the new King and Queen would set out for their dominion on the following day.

In the evening, Napoleon sent to inform Hortense that he desired to speak with her in his cabinet. She immediately attended the summons, and when the page threw open the folding doors to announce her, the title of "Her Majesty the Queen of Holland" greeted her ear for the first time.

"Hortense," said the Emperor, "you have become the Queen of a brave and virtuous people. If you and your husband act wisely, the house of Orange can never again return to Holland with its usurping claims. However, from my knowledge of the Dutch people, I think I can discern in them one remarkable fault; it is, that under the outward appearance of great simplicity, they are fond of luxury and especially wealth. With them vanity is the strongest feeling next to interest. Now it would be bad policy to suffer yourself in the eyes of your new court to be eclipsed by the over-dressed wife of some rich burgher, who has nothing to be proud of but his money bags. You must have a good assortment of jewels, and here is a little ornament which I beg you will accept. Wear this necklace sometimes in remembrance of me. I have purchased it myself, out of my own savings."

So saying, Napoleon clasped the glittering circlet on the neck of Hortense, and embracing her with paternal affection, bade her farewell.

When seated on the throne of Holland, Queen Hortense rendered full honor to her father-in-law's presence. On every court day, at the Palace of the Hague, at every fete given in the Maison de Bois, the superb necklace adorned her swan-like neck.

But soon came those disastrous days Napoleon's sun began to set. Hortense descended from the throne precisely as she had ascended it; in willing obedience. On her arrival in Holland, her subjects had greeted her with cries of "God bless our Queen!" On her departure, those cries were changed to "God bless our good Queen!" To a heart like that of Hortense, this last greeting was consolatory, even at the moment when a throne was lost. On returning into private life, she devoted herself to the education of her children, and to rendering filial attention to her mother, who like herself, was the widow of a throne.

The cannon of Waterloo had ceased to roar, and Napoleon was obliged to quit the Elbe, and to take refuge in Malmaison, the last abode of the Empress Josephine. One evening, when he was alone in the salon, seated before a table on which lay scattered the notes from which the second act of abdication was to be drawn up, a lady entered. It was Hortense.

"Sire," she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "does your Majesty remember the present you made me at St. Cloud, about nine years ago?"

Napoleon gazed at the daughter of Josephine, with a mingled expression of grief and affection, then taking her hand, he said, "Well, Hortense, what have you to say to me?"

"Sire, when I was a Queen, you gave this necklace. It is of great value. But now I am no longer a Queen, and you are unfortunate. . . . therefore I entreat that you will permit me to return it."

"That necklace," Hortense, replied Napoleon, coldly. "Why deprive yourself of it? It is now, probably, the half of your fortune. And your children—"

"Sire, it is all I possess in the world. But as to my children, they will never reproach their mother for having shared with her benefactor the bounty which he was pleased to confer on her."

She burst into tears, and Napoleon struggled to conceal his emotion.

"No," Hortense said, he, averting his head, and gently repelling the hand which was stretched out to him; "no, I cannot."

"Take it, Sire; I implore you. There is no time to be lost. They are coming! . . . With these words she thrust the jewel case into his hand. A few hours afterwards the necklace was stitched into a silken cincture, which Napoleon wore under his waistcoat.

Six weeks after this incident, Napoleon was on the deck of the Belleophon, to embark on board the Northumberland. The arms of the persons of his suite were taken from them, their baggage was inspected, and they were not permitted to take with them other money or jewels. The trunks of the illustrious prisoner being searched, a box was found containing 4000 Napoleons d'or. He was informed that the money must be given up. This sum, together with some funds which Napoleon had lodged in the hands of Laitte, prior to his departure from Paris, was all his fortune.

Whilst the inspection was going on, Napoleon was gently pacing up and down the quarter-deck with M. Las Cases. Casting a furtive look around him, and finding that he was not observed, he drew from beneath his waistcoat the silken cincture, and gave it to his companion, saying—

"My dear Las Cases, a certain Greek philosopher used to say that he carried all his fortune about with him, though certainly he had not a shute to his back. I don't know how he managed; but this I know, that ever since our departure from Paris I have been carrying all my treasure under my waistcoat. I now begin to weary of my burden. Will you relieve me of it?"

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